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CHEERFUL CHILDREN

A BOOK OF VERSES

EDMUND VANCE COOKE

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CHEERFUL CHILDREN

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BY

EDMUND VANCE COOKE

AUTHOR OF "CHRONICLES OF THE LITTLE TOT,"
"IMPERTINENT POEMS," "I RULE THE HOUSE,"
"RIMES TO BE READ," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY MAE HERRICK SCANNELL

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FOREWORD

The verses in this primary reader are selected from the volumes of Edmund Vance Cooke, with a few poems added, which have not before been between covers.

It has been abundantly proved that school children are fond of hearing these poems and the opportunity is now offered for the poems to be read as part of the school work.

Not all of these verses are in strictly proper English, for sometimes the childish pronunciation or locution has been followed as in "The Sin of the Coppenter-Man," "Lest Ye Be Judged," and others. "Almotht Theven" has been included as sufficiently amusing and interesting to the child to warrant the forbidding appearance of the printed reproduction of a childish lisp.

Perhaps it is as well to recognize that children are aware, from early life, that there is another English than the somewhat prim language of the schoolroom. So why should they not be taught, equally early, to distinguish (in some degree) between the intelligent use of unorthodox English to give a flavor to literature and that use which merely is the mark of carelessness and ignorance?

The refrain of "The Monkey Man" may be used to illustrate the importance of rhythm, pointing out how the "words" which really say nothing at all yet manage to convey the joy of the child by the rollicking rhythm. In "Leopold," it may be worth noting that the entire story is rhymed on the one sound throughout. In general, however, it is the intention that the verses be read for whatever pure joy there is in them.

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CHEERFUL CHILDREN

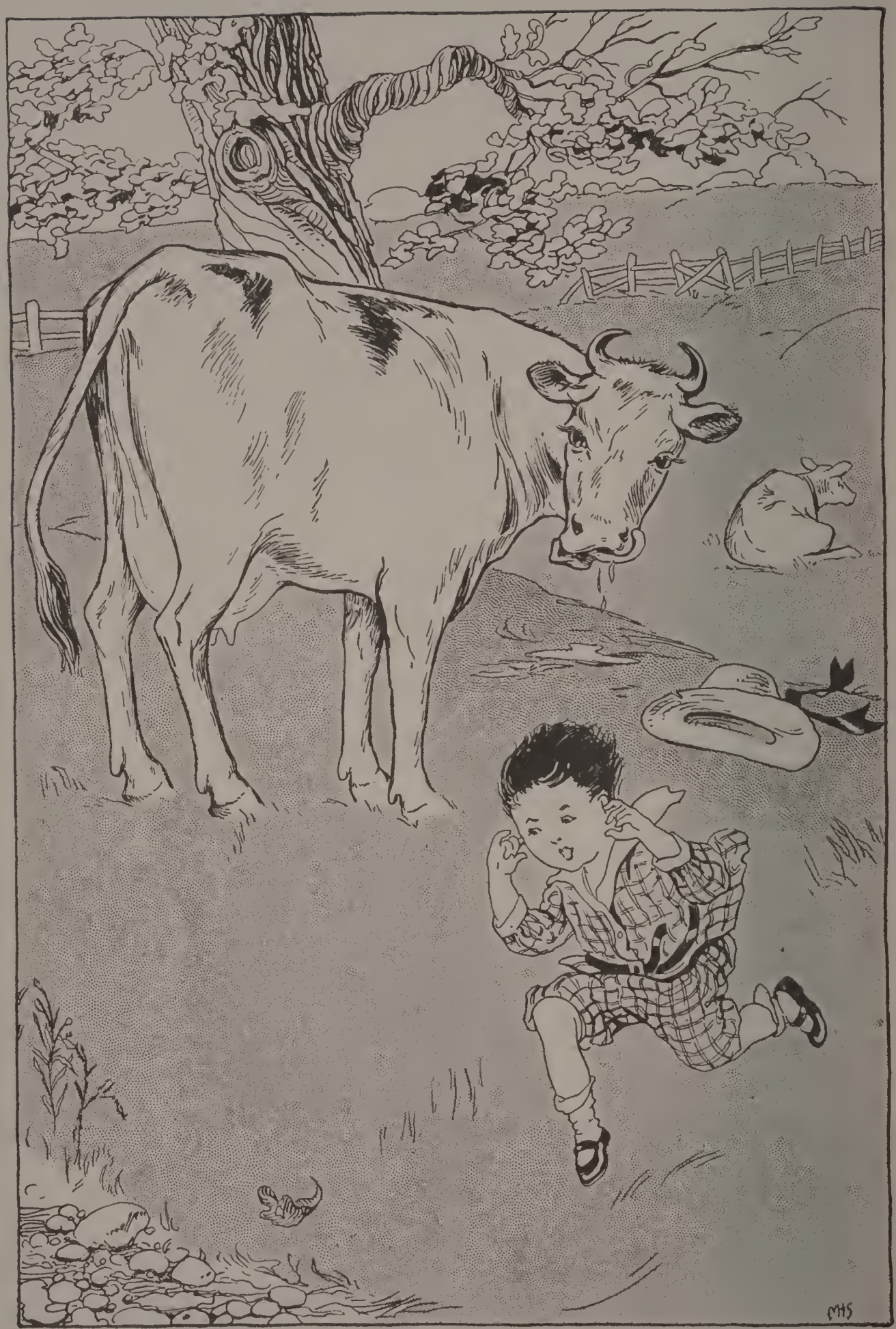
THE MOO-COW-MOO

My pa held me up to the moo-cow-moo
  So close I could almost touch,
And I fed him a couple of times, or two,
  And I wasn't a 'fraid-cat—much.

But if my papa goes into the house,
  And Mamma, she goes in, too,
I just keep still like a little mouse,
  For the moo-cow-moo might moo!

The moo-cow-moo's got a tail like a rope
  And it's raveled down where it grows,
And it's just like feeling a piece of soap
  All over the moo-cow's nose.

And the moo-cow-moo has lots of fun
  Just swinging his tail about;
And he opens his mouth and then I run—
  'Cause that's where the moo comes out.



And the moo-cow-moo's got *deers* on his head
And his eyes stick out of their place,
And the nose of the moo-cow-moo is spread
All over the end of his face.

And his feet are nothing but finger-nails
And his mamma don't keep 'em cut;
And he gives folks milk in water pails,
If he don't keep his handles shut.

'Cause if you or me pulls the handles, why
The moo-cow-moo says it hurts;
But the hired man he sits down close by
And squirts and squirts and squirts.

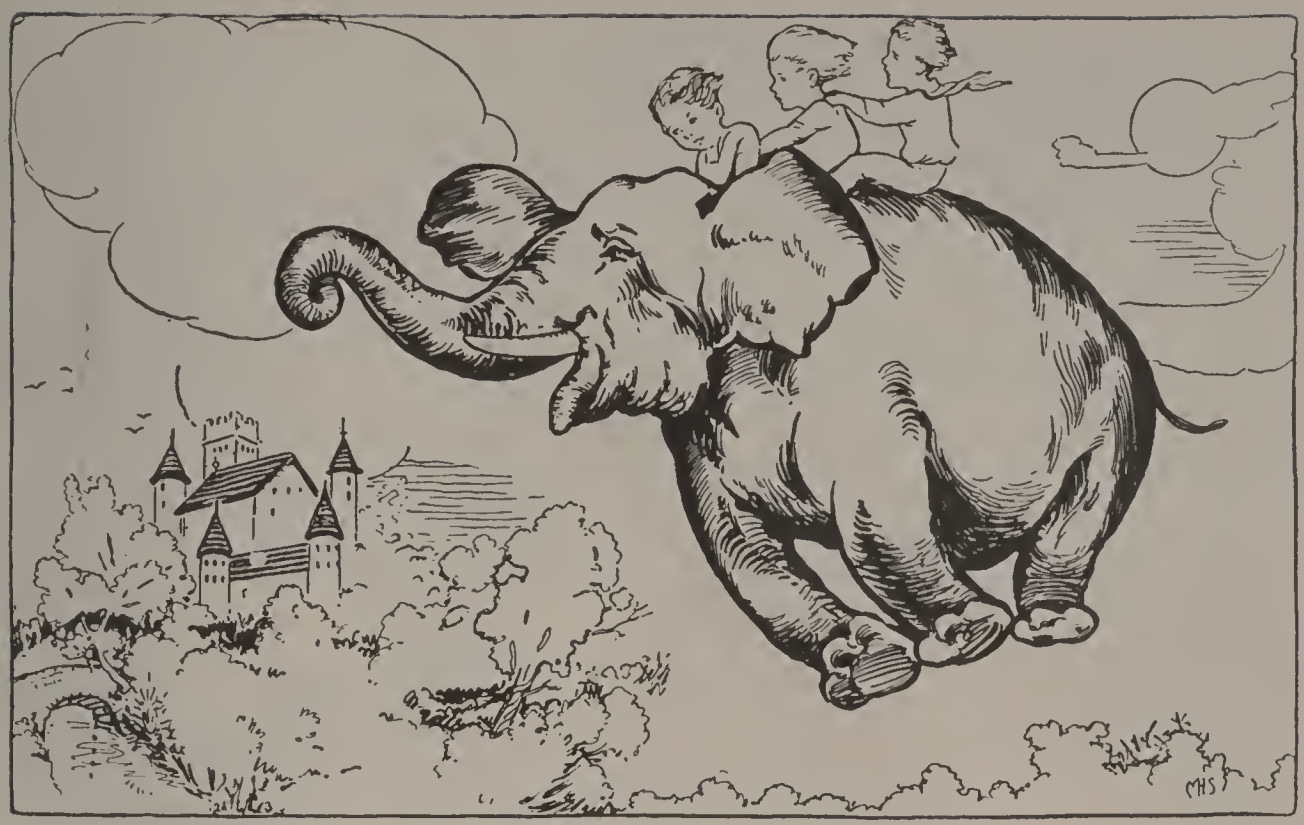
THE ELEPHANT SHIP

Oh, the elephant looks like a big balloon
And his tough skin never will tear,
So we'll blow in his trunk and pretty soon
He'll be all filled up with air.

Oh! oh!
Take a big breath and blow!
For if we blow up the elephant's hide,
Maybe he'll give us an airship ride.

And then, when the air is heated through,
He can do the funniest things.
Perhaps he can fly, like the birdies do,
If he flaps his ears like wings.

My! my!
Won't it be fun to fly!
For if we blow up the elephant's hide,
Maybe he'll give us an airship ride.



And then, when the elephant lets us ride,
We never will use a goad,
For if we should prick the elephant's hide,
Why, the elephant might explode!

Oo—oo!
I'm sure that never would do,
For if we should prick the elephant's hide,
We'd never come back from the airship ride.

AT DARK

As I lay me down to sleep,
I pray my slumber may be deep,
That I may rise when night is gone
And gladly greet the smiling dawn.

So may I rise refreshed and strong
To do the right and shun the wrong;
Thus I pray my sleep be blest
As I lay me down to rest.

AT DAWN

Another day and I arise
And look up to the morning skies.

And if the day be fair and bright,
Oh, let my face reflect its light!
For what am I that I should whine
When all the world is fair and fine?

But if the skies be dark, I pray
That I be better than the day;
Oh, let all outer gloom depart,
Nor chill the weather of my heart!

SONNY BOY

Sonny boy, sonny boy, have you
heard the news?
All the world is wide awake and
putting on its shoes!
The sun is like a golden bug a-
crawling up the sky;
Come! get up and wash your face
and hang it out to dry.

THE COOKY MOON

The cooky moon hangs in the evening sky,
All sugary, round, and sweet;
I suppose it was hung up there so high,
So no one would get it to eat.
But still there's a way to get a bite
For good little girls and boys,
If only they go to sleep at night
Without any fuss or noise.

So close one peeper and shut one eye
So that we'll reach it soon.
All the babies from By-lo-by,
All the darlings of Drowsy-eye,
From Nap-on-a-lap and Sleepy-sigh,
On pillows of clouds piled high, so high,
They all come sailing across the sky
To come to the cooky moon.

MHS

And when it is gone, why the Moon-man takes
And makes us another one;
And it's always bright on the days he bakes,
For he cooks it in the sun.
And then, when it's sugary, shiny-bright,
The good little children come,
And they eat the cooky moon bite by bite,
And every star is a crumb.

So close one peeper and shut one eye,
So that we'll reach it soon.
All the babies from By-lo-by,
All the darlings of Drowsy-eye,
From Nap-on-a-lap and Sleepy-sigh,
On pillows of clouds piled high, so high,
They all come sailing across the sky
To come to the cooky moon.

THE HIGH GIRAFFE

Oh, the high giraffe has a peaky-weaky head,
And his body is stuck on stilts,
With a spotty-wotty skin all over him spread,
Like one of my grandma's quilts;
And he's all down hill, like a slide-down rail,
From his peaky-weaky head to his tweaky-weaky tail.

So we'll go sliding, sliding,
Won't it be fine and fun?
So we'll go riding, riding—
Giddap! and make him run.
Sliding, riding and gliding,
All on a living rail,
And to save us a bump at the very last jump,
We'll cling to his tweaky tail.

Oh, the high giraffe is a bendy-wendy thing,
And he's made with a middle joint;
So we'll hang to his handle-horns and swing
Right back to the starting-point;
So it's up we swing and it's down we slide
And it's stick to the middle for a jolty-wolty ride.

So we'll go sliding, sliding,
Won't it be fine and fun?
So we'll go riding, riding—
Giddap! and make him run.
Sliding, riding and gliding,
All on a living rail,
And to save us a bump at the very last jump,
We'll cling to his tweaky tail.

TABLE TALK

If, at table, you should cough
Till your head comes almost off,
I have sometimes heard it said,
You might turn away your head
Without being thought ill bred.

"Please" is not considered rude
When you pass your plate for food,
And it very seldom ranks
With the most ill-mannered pranks,
If you take it back with "Thanks."

You are not compelled to take
Over half the jelly cake,
And because the pie's refused
Do not fear to be abused;
Force is very seldom used.

MHS

Should your father or your mother
Venture to address each other,
Though you feel you might complain,
It will not be thought profane
If you manage to refrain.

If you've work or play to do,
You may leave when you are through,
But "Excuse me," when one rises
Seldom shocks or scandalizes,
Or occasions pained surprises.

Manners are of no avail
To keep any one in jail.
True politeness, calm and quiet,
Very rarely causes riot.
If you doubt me, children, try it.

MRS. SANTA CLAUS

How on Earth did the fiction grow
That Santa Claus is a man? Ho, ho!
Santa Claus is a woman. There!
I make the assertion fair and square
And you may repeat it everywhere.

How do I know that the thing is true?
'Tis simple enough. I'll leave it to you.
Who knows what you want for Christmas?
Say!
Is it a man who goes away
Right after breakfast and stays all day?

Or is it a woman who's always by
With the light of love in her watching eye?
Why, a Santa Claus man would bring white
rats
To a girl whose chief delight was cats,
And books to a boy who wanted bats!

MHS

And the Christmas stocking—can you dream
That a man conceived that clever scheme?
A man would have got a clumsy box
And bothered with nails and screws and
locks,
Or, at the best, would have hung up socks.

And then the name. Who ever heard
Of a man named "Santy"? It's absurd.
But everyone knows how little folks name
A dear friend "Auntie," just the same
As though they really had kinship's claim.

And so it happened that people came
To think 't was really her given name;
And this, by a natural error, was
Changed soon to "Santie" just because
She was known as "Mrs. Auntie Claus."

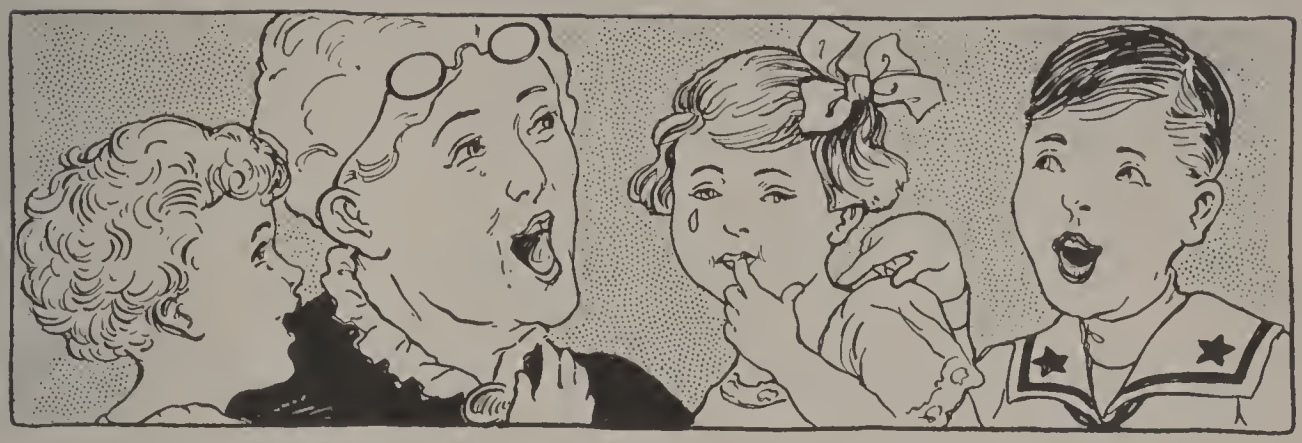
TWO LITTLE SERVING MEN

Two little serving men have I,
And one is strong and very spry.
He loves to hammer, plane and saw,
To write and sometimes, even draw.
He takes my hat and hangs it up;
He reaches down my drinking-cup;
He winds my top, and throws my ball.
I couldn't get along at all
Without this little serving man
Who helps me out in every plan.

The other sympathizes, too,
But is not half so quick to *do*.
Some things he does quite well, but my!
Some others he won't even try.
He will not split the kindling wood,
And yet, he is so very good
He holds it while the other chops.
He also helps him wind my tops;

But spin them? He can't spin at all.
You ought to see him throw a ball!
Just like a girl! and—it's a shame,
But he can hardly write his name.
And yet, these serving men are twins,
And look as like as two new pins.
I think perhaps you'll understand
If you should know their name. It's Hand,
And one, you know, is Right and deft;
And one, of course, is slow and Left.

And yet, you know, I often find
That if I'm calm with Left, and kind,
He'll do a lot of things, although
He's awkward and a little slow;
And so I often think perhaps
He's much like me and other chaps,
Who know enough to do our part,
But some quick fellow, extra smart,
Jumps in and does it first, and so
We just get used to being slow.
And that's the way we don't get trained,
Because, perhaps we're just *left-brained!*



GRANDMOTHER'S SONG

Grandmother's voice was always mild,
And at everyday troubles she always smiled;
For she used to say
Frowns did n't pay,
As she had learned when a little child.
So whenever we cried for a fancied wrong,
Grandmother used to sing this song:
"To-day, to-day,
Let's all be gay;
To-morrow
We may sorrow.
My dear, don't fret
For what's not yet,
For you make a trouble double when you borrow."

Ah me! 'tis many a lonesome year
Since grandmother's song has reached my ear;
And I sigh my sigh
For the days gone by,
For you went with them, grandmother dear.
But I still have left your quaint old song,
And that I shall sing and pass along:
"To-day, to-day,
Let's all be gay;
To-morrow
We may sorrow.
My dear, don't fret
For what's not yet,
For you make a trouble double when you borrow."

CRADLE SONG

(From the German of Hoffman von Fallersleben)

To sleep the corn is sinking,
For heavy hangs its head;
The timid flowers are shrinking
From darkness in their bed.

And evening breezes flocking,
Like little angels blest,
Come softly, softly rocking
The corn and flowers to rest.

And, as the flowerets shrinking,
So timid, too, art thou,
And as the corn-heads sinking
So nods thy dear head now.

And sounds of evening, winging
Like little angels blest,
Come softly, softly singing
My darling one to rest.

BABYKIN-BOYKIN-BOO!

(A Nonsense Rhyme)

Did the baskety woman a-sweeping the sky
  Discover the babykin there?
Did she tumble him down from his nest on high
  Through all of the sky-blue air?
Did she find there was never a room to spare
  In the toe of her sister's shoe?
Surely that was enough to scare
  The Babykin-Boykin-Boo!

Did the Moon-man give him a half a crown
  And tell him he'd better be born?
And with Jacky and Jill was he tumbled down
  One summery, shiny morn?
Or did Babykin-Boykin come to town
  On the cow with the crumpled horn?

Did the Babykin lie on her back asleep
On a mattress of genuine hair?
And did Simon the Simple and Little Bopeep
Come skipping along to the Fair?
Did they blow a terrible, terrible blare
On the horn of Little Boy Blue,
To wake him up with an awful scare?
Poor Babykin-Boykin Boo!

But if Babykin-Boykin now will stay,
We'll feed him on victuals and drink,
And the Muffety maiden will give him some whey
And a pat of curds, I think.
And the toes of the Banbury dame shall play,
And her fingery bells go "chink,"
And the hey-diddle cow shall jump in the air
As high as she used to do.
Oh, dear me! but she must not scare
Our Babykin-Bovkin-Boo!

WHINY AND SHINY

Whiny and Shiny are two little elves
Who have a strange habit of swapping themselves.
Perhaps you are visiting Shiny, when, pop!
Along comes old Whiny and tells you to stop.
And you're willing to stop, for, while Shiny is jolly,
Poor Whiny is mad of a sad melancholy.
Go 'way, Whiny!
Come back, Shiny!
Come back, little Shiny, I see you there peeping
From back of old Whiny. And Shiny comes leaping.

Gladsome and Badsome are certainly twins;
But one of them quits where the other begins.
When one of them peeps from a little boy's face,
The other one takes himself off of the place.
Wherever the first is, the other can't stay;
If the second comes back, then the first runs away.

Go 'way, Badsome!
Come back, Gladsome!

For Gladsome is just round the corner and hoping
His owner will call him. And back he comes loping.

Cheerful and Tearful are curious creatures;
They are nothing alike, yet they have the same features.
But Tearful's a bad little imp who annoys
The fathers of girls and the mothers of boys,
For he blurs the bright eyes of the sunniest darling
And frets a sweet voice till he gets it to snarling.

Go 'way, Tearful!
Come back, Cheerful!

For Cheerful is brimming with music and laughter,
And wherever he comes, sunshine follows him after.

A CIRCUS EVERY DAY

Oh, what a circus a circus life must be,
Parading every morning for admiring folks
to see!
Spangles, bangles everywhere,
Prancing, dancing ponies there,
Bands a-playing "Boom-ba-chink!"
Folks hurrahing—only think!
If it's such a lark to see it,
What fun it must be to be it!

Oh, what a circus to know that every day
You can *be* a circus at the ladies' mati-
nee,
Hanging by your toes and knees
On the flying high trapeze,
Turning somersaults and things,
Riding round the triple rings—
If it's such a treat to see it,
What fun it must be to be it!

Oh, what a circus a circus life must be!
To have another circus in the evening after
tea,
Then to travel, oh, so far!
In the "sacred heifer's" car,
While the engine goes "Whoot-choo!"
At the hop-toad kangaroo,
And the chimpanzee grows frantic
At the ring-tail's newest antic.

Oh, what a circus a circus life—but say!
It might not seem a circus if we had it every
day,
Every morning marching gayly;
Afternoon performance daily;
Every night another show
And then *have* to travel so.
Oh, it may be fun to see it,
But think what a bore to *be* it!

THE HORRIBLE EXAMPLES

Little Clara Cough-it-off felt very much
abused
And coughed to make her mamma think that
she was badly used.
She found it rather hard at first, but practice
made it easy,
Till she could cough as good as though she
really were disease-y!
She coughed against her medicine and said
it made her sick;
She coughed because they wouldn't give her
back the spoon to lick.
She coughed until she *had* to cough and
went "Cu-huh, cu-hoo!"
When any one suggested that she *tried* to
cough—like you.

Little Tommie Try-to-cry had all the world
could buy

And everything besides, except a good excuse
to cry,
And so he cried at breakfast-time, because
it came so soon,
He cried at luncheon also, because supper
came at noon.
He cried again at dinner-time, because it
made him weep;
He cried because his bed was bad and made
him go to sleep.
He cried *because* he cried, and crying made
his eyes so dim;
He cried because he saw you cry and thought
you looked like him.

Little Polly Pout-about was always finding
fault;
She didn't like her milk, because the sea
had too much salt.
She didn't like the sun, because it wouldn't
shine at night;
She didn't like the snow, because it made
the ground so white.

She hated maple sugar, because lemons were so sweet;
She hated custard pie, because the goldfish had no feet.
She didn't like bad little boys, because a hen has fur;
She doesn't like you either, as you sometimes look like her.

THE SIN OF THE COPPENTER-MAN

The coppenter-man said a wicked word,
When he hitted his thumb one day,
And I know what it was, because I heard—
And it's something I dassent say.

We live in a house with rooms inside,
And the rooms are full of floors;
It's my papa's house, and when it was buyed,
It was nothing but just outdoors.

And they planted stones in a hole for seeds,
And that's how the house began,
But I bet the stones would have just growed weeds,
Except for the coppenter-man.

The coppenter-man's got a face all black,
With a bib sewed onto his pants,
With pockets in front and round the back,
And he makes a house grow like plants.

And the coppenter-man said a wicked word,
When he hitted his thumb that day;
And I know what it was, because I heard—
And it's something I dassent say.

And then he took lots of window-holes,
But he wouldn't tell where he found 'em,
And then he sawed out some sticks and poles,
And he grew a house right round 'em.

And the black on his face isn't soft like fuzz,
'Cause he rubbed his face on me,
And it felt like the fur of a chestnut does
When it just gets off the tree.

And the coppenter-man took a board and said
He'd skin it and make some curls,
And he hung 'em onto my ears and head,
And he made me look like girls.

And he squinted along one side, he did,
And he squinted the other side twice,

MS

And then he told me, "You squint it, kid,"
'Cause the coppenter-man's real nice.

But the coppenter-man said a wicked word,
When he hitted his thumb that day;
He said it out loud, too, 'cause I heard—
And it's something I dassent say.

But the coppenter-man said it wasn't bad,
When you hitted your thumb, kerspat!
And there'd be no coppenter-men to be had,
If it wasn't for words like that.

And if there wasn't no coppenter-men,
We'd all have to live in the barn,
'Cause there wouldn't be any houses, and then,
Then what would we do—by darn!

* * * * *

And the coppenter-man said a wicked word,
When he hitted his thumb that day,
And I know what it was, because I heard—
And it's something I dassent say!

SPINDLE, SPRADDLE AND SPUD

Spindle is a sweeter child than any child
can be;
Spraddle is the sweetest on the land or on
the sea;
Spuddy is the sweetest little baby of the
three;
Each of them is sweet, because they all
belong to me.

Spindle, Spraddle and Spud.

Peaches "loves a bushel," as she clings about
my neck;
Pippin says she loves me more, she loves
me "'most a peck";
Poddy says she loves me just a "weeny,
teeny speck";
And in the love of each of them is neither
flaw nor fleck—
In Peaches, Pippin and Pod.

Wiggle is a lily of the garden on its toes;
Waggle is a wild flower, the wildest one that
grows;
Wutkin is an orchid, with the freckles on
its nose;
And all of them together are a shamrock, I
suppose!
Wiggle, Waggle and Wut.

Bubble is the sunlight, as it sets the morning
free;
Babble is the moonlight, as it shines upon
the sea;

Buddy is the firelight, as it crackles in its
glee;
All of them are love-light to illume the life
of me—
Bubble, Babble and Bud.

Ariel has bound me with a girdle round my
heart;
Cupid's eye has glanced at me and pierced
me with its dart;
Puck has sure bewitched me with a wee and
wily art;
Famous folk are these, but each one has a
counterpart
In Spindle, Spraddle and Spud.

THE CRUISE OF THE GOOD SHIP LITTLE TOT

Do you know the ocean called Nursery Floor?
You think it a safe sea, like as not,
But the Rug-Reef lies in a dangerous spot
And the Table-Leg and the Open-Door
Are perilous rocks for the "Little Tot";
Unbuoyed, unbelled and unmarked by a light
To pilot the venturous mariner right.

Yet the "Little Tot" bravely prepares to start,
And weighing anchor at Papa's knee,
And pointing a course to take the lee
Of Bedside Ledges, she studies her chart.
And to Mamma's Lap Harbor forth sails she.
And it's yo ho ho, and all hands stand by!
And it's steer by the light in the Harbor eye.

A lurch to port and a starboard list;
Steady, there, steady; keep her straight!
'Tis a terrible sea to navigate.
A stagger, a plunge and a sudden twist;
She is going aground as sure as fate!
And Mamma's Lap Harbor and Papa's Knee
Pull the good ship "Little Tot" out of the sea!

LEOPOLD

This is the story of Leopold,
A man of the world just five years old,
A little bit wise and a little bit bold,
Who wanted a guinea of gold.

Poor little, sad little five-year-old,
Of woes of greediness never told,
Too much charmed by the gleamy gold,
Wanted one piece "to have and to hold."

Papa might laugh and mamma might scold,
Toys grow tarnished or gray with mold,
Porridge be hot or porridge be cold,
Little cared little Leopold.

Out of the house the little boy strolled
And round and round the blue eyes rolled,
Always looking for gold, gold, gold.

Money was everywhere—wealth untold—
Copper and silver and glistening gold,
Greedily grasped and stingily doled,
Cheated for, fought for, bought and sold.

Across the counters it slid and rolled,
And big steel safes looked cross and cold
And stretched their arms to catch and hold,
As a miser does, the gleamy gold.
And who could have forced, or who cajoled
One piece from their grasping, clasping hold?

Tired, so tired, grew our five-year-old;
(Gold-hunting feet should be harder soled)
And the big church bell the death-knell tolled
Of by-gone hours, till at last he strolled
Into a street of a different mold,
Where nothing was bought and nothing sold.

Ho! sniffed sad little Leopold,
As if to say that to search for gold
In a place where none of it round him rolled
Were foolish in a wise five-year-old.

He turned to go, when, lo and behold!
Down at his feet in the untrod mold
Lay a bright guinea of gold, gold, gold!
But no one ever has seen or told
Of a satisfied searcher after gold;
"I'll look for some more!" cried Leopold.

Now aren't we all, like the five-year-old,
After something gleamy as gold?
And perhaps the prize we hope to hold
Is down the street we haven't strolled,
So be a bit wise and a little bit bold,
But don't be greedy like Leopold!

TALK

Here's a lesson, little children, for all pupils
over three,
Including dad and mother, Uncle Ichabod
and me,
For although you think you manage so you
neither slip nor balk,
Yet the fact is very plain to all—you've
never learned to talk!
For I find that all who know you, even little
Bud and Sis,
Agree that quite too often

this.

like

up

shrieks

voice

your

Great Ganders! little children, that is not the
way to speak!
Your voice is not a rusty hinge. You
shouldn't let it squeak.
For, remember, I am listening and the way
you squeal and squawk
Will very likely be the way that I shall learn
to talk.
And another thing, I pray you! oh, beware
the black abyss!
For I have heard that sometimes you
have
growled
it
down
like
this.

A voice is not an aero, cutting capers in the skies,
A voice is not a submarine to hurt and terrorize.
No, it's much more like an auto, as it skims along the ground
And you can tell it's working well by listening to its sound,
So keep it timed and tuned and let it neither knock nor miss
And it will—burble—gently—on—its—even—way—like—this.

MR. JACK-O'-LANTERN

Oh, Mr. Jack-O'-Lantern's come to town!
He's the Hallowe'en comedian and clown.
Though he has but one expression, which is never more nor less,
His annual engagement is a most distinct success;
He plays the country all at once and everywhere he is
The gleeful children try to stretch a grin as broad as his,
For every laugh's a friend and every enemy's a frown,
When Mr. Jack-O'-Lantern comes to town.

Oh, Mr. Jack-O'-Lantern's come to town;
He's a gentleman of polish and renown.
He never winks at ladies, which is good of him, I think,

MHS

Though that may be because no lids are on
his eyes to wink.
He never pokes his nose in our affairs (and
that's no joke),
Although the reason may be that he has no
nose to poke.
He never drinks to drown his cares. There
are no cares to drown,
When Mr. Jack-O'-Lantern comes to town.

When Mr. Jack-O'-Lantern comes to town
There are doings fore and aft and up and
down.
There are tick-tacks on the window, there
are apples in the tub;
There are strings upon the sidewalk waiting
for a toe to stub;
There are lovers in the kitchen toasting
chestnuts in the dark,
And the chestnuts and the lovers huddle
closer, as they spark.
The pumpkin-head's our patron saint and
folly is his crown,
When Mr. Jack-O'-Lantern comes to town.

Oh, Mr. Jack-O'-Lantern's leaving town.
The oven turns his yellow face to brown.
As he was so empty-headed, some folks said
he was a dunce,
But when we fed him candles, why, his face
lit up at once!
And now his light is sputtered out and
Hallowe'en is by,
We scrape the tallow off his hide and bake
him into pie.
His mellow life is yielded up that we may
smack it down,
As Mr. Jack-O'-Lantern's leaving town.

THE SNUGGYBUD

The Snuggybud cried till he blistered his hide,
For a Snuggybud peppers his tears,
So he built him a trough which would carry them off
By running them into his ears;
But pray tell me why should a Snuggybud cry,
No matter what sorrow he feels,
When he's cracking a fig on the top of his wig
With a hammer he holds in his heels?

Snuggybud, have you got an elbow on your knee?
Snuggybud, can you cook a cup of coffee-tea?
Snuggybud, Snuggybud, oh, dear me!

The Snuggybud stood on the top of a wood
Till the water rolled over the tree,
And he said "If I'm sick, I shall know pretty quick,
For I'll take out my stomach to sea."
"Yes," the Snuggybud said, as he turned on his head,
"I ate a most suitable supper,
But I swallowed it up like a dog and a pup,
And now I must swallow it upper."

Snuggybud, is the buzzard buzzing like a bee?
Snuggybud, does the seesaw ever saw the sea?
Snuggybud, Snuggybud, oh, dear me!

The Snuggybud sat on his Sunday hat
And gazed at the top of his head,
While he polished his toes with the end of his nose
And the blacking he used was red.
But the Snuggybud's shoes were twenty-twos
And his nose was a number nine,

And his brow was so wet with a wintery
sweat
That he never could polish a shine.

Snuggybud, can you take a door and lock
a key?
Snuggybud, can you count up to X Y Z?
Snuggybud, Snuggybud, oh, dear me!

WEENY WEE BEAR

Once I told the baby boy a story—
Not a tale of ancient fame and glory,
Not of castles grim and battles gory,
Yet he loved it well;
Parted little lips drank in its treasure,
Shining little eyes poured out their pleasure,
Bubbling laughter overflowed its measure,
As he heard me tell:

"Once there was an awful bear I knew,
Old He Bear,
And his wife was just as awful, too,
Old She Bear,
And they had a baby,
Much like you are, maybe,
Darling little baby
Wee Bear!"

Then I'd be the papa bear and send him
To a corner where the sofa penned him,
Just as though the angry bear had denned
him,
Hungry to the core,
Till in terror, only half pretended,
He would beg that "Papa Bear" be ended;
Then, up to my ready arms ascended,
"Tell me just once more

'Bout the little boy 'at got in there
At He Bear's,
And he went and sat down in the chair
Of She Bear's.
And he ate the supper,
Ate it up and upper,
Of the teeny, weeny
Wee Bear's."

What a foolish, droolish little ditty,
Neither quaintly wise, nor queerly witty,
Neither sprightly bright, nor neatly pretty.
Yet my heart is gray

MHS

With the longing once again to hold him,
Close within these aching arms to fold him,
Once again to tell him, as I told him,
In our childish play:

"Once there was an awful bear I knew,
Old He Bear,
And his wife was just as awful, too,
Old She Bear—"
Yet they miss their baby,
Much as I do, maybe,
Little teeny, weeny
Wee Bear."

"LEST YE BE JUDGED"

If mamma put out papa's clo'es
  When he got out of bed,
And if he didn't like 'em, s'pose
  He'd like it, if I said,
"Now, papa, don't you dare to pout;
  You'll catch it, if you do.
Put on those clo'es or go without,
  Like mamma tells you to."

Supposing, when he went to wash,
  I kind of made a stamp
And hollered, "Mind you, don't you slosh
  And get it on your 'gamp.'
You do what mamma tells you to,
  And we'll excuse those tears,
You better hurry and get through
  Or else *I'll* wash your ears."

And dinner-time, s'pose I had et
'Bout everything in sight
And lots of things I wouldn't let
My papa have a bite,
And then at pie-time, s'pose he'd ast
To have just one more slice,
S'pose I should tell him, "Don't you dast!
You *know* you've had it twice."

And s'posin', when I spilled the ink
And papa scolded good
And asked me why I *wouldn't* think
And everything he could,
And when he'd talked an awful while,
Supposing I should say,
"Oh, papa, don't be such a *trial,*
Do run away and play."

Supposing he'd been good and had
A penny for his pay,
And then was just a *weenty* bad,
Supposing I should say,
"Oh, papa, you're just bad. No use
To tell me what you *meant.*
You know that isn't an excuse;
You give me back that cent!"

"ALMOTHT THEVEN"

"Children thould be theen, not heard;"
Don't athk me to thay a word,
'Cauthe I've got a good excuthe,
Tho there ithn't any uthe.

Papa thayth I'm thuth a lithper,
He thould think that I would whithper,
But that wouldn't make it thtop,
For I've lost my teeth up top.

He thayth I won't have thome more,
'Till I buy thome at a thtore;
Only babies teeth, thayth he,
But I gueth he'th teathing me.

Thomehow I can't keep my breath,
When I thay a "thee" or "eth,"
For it getth away from me
And I just thay "eth" and "thee."

Papa thayth I needn't wear
Any muth-thle anywhere,
Nor to be chained up at night,
'Cauth I got no teeth to bite.

Papa thayth he'd pay good money
Jutht to hear me talk tho funny,
And he'd walk a country mile
Jutht to kith me when I thmile.

LET IT HEAL

Did you ever cut your finger till it bled, bled,
bled?
And when the blood was washed away you
saw, beneath the red,
The white bone shining through,
Saying grimly: "Howdy do?
Perhaps you think it pleases me to get a
glimpse of you;
But were I to be consulted, I should say 'tis
very clear
I was better off, my dear,
Before you demonstrated, with your knife,
that I was here!"

And did you bind your finger with a rag, rag,
rag,
Till it felt as big and bulky as a full flour-
bag?

And in a day or two,
Did you look at it anew
To see the red lips grinning—grimly grinning—up at you,
Saying: "Had I been consulted, I should say 'tis very clear
I was better off, my dear,
Before you cut the clothes off me to see if I were here!"

Did a comrade ever cut you to the heart, heart, heart,
And did you find it helped you much to show you felt the smart?
And while it yet was sore,
Did it help you any more
To tear it to the marrow and to strip it to the core?
Had you listened to the telephone, which runs from heart to ear,
You'd have heard: "'Tis very clear
It is better for a grievance just to let it heal, my dear!"

THE SHAVE STORE

Yesterday, papa says, "Will it behave,
If I should take it while I get a shave?"
And I says, "Yes," as loud as I could talk,
So me and he, we went out for a walk
Clear to the Shave Store. And then I sat there
And papa climbed up in a dentist's chair
And had a bib on. And the shave-man took
And painted papa till he made him look
Like frosting on an angel-cake. Mm! he looked nice!
And I thought the man was going to cut a slice.

He took a knife and wiped and wiped it, but
He didn't hurt my papa. He just cut
The frosting off his face and took another

Knife and wiped *it* on a piece o' luther
And painted papa more, and cut and cut,
And mussed his hair, and slapped his face and shut
The old knife up. And washed his face, he did,
Like papa washes mine sometimes, and calls me "Dirty kid."

And he put baby powder on him, too,
And smelled him up, and when he was all through,
The shave-store man says "'Bye, young lady, when
You want another shave, just call again!"

SANTY'S LITTLE BOY

If I was Santy's little boy, I'd dress
Up in a polar-bear-skin suit, I guess;
And then I'd have a great, big sled and go
Sleigh-riding on a hill of sugar-snow,
And have a snow-ball fight with popcorn
balls,
And have a reindeer horse, because he hauls

The Santy-sleigh, and have him painted red,
So he'd look pretty, and just like my sled.
If I was Santy's little boy, he'd fix
A house for me, made out of chocolate bricks
With ice-cream plaster! And I'd have him
make
The floors of apple pie and angel cake;
And then a fountain, squirting lemonade,
And big enough to get into and wade;
And raisin-trees outdoors, with fences 'round,
Made out of candy-canes stuck in the ground.

If I was Santy's little boy, I bet
I'd have a Christmas every day, and get
Just lots of presents. And he'd plant a tree
And ask my papa in, so he could see
Me light it up, and then my mamma—ooh!
I wouldn't have her, then, nor papa, too!
I guess—I guess I don't think I'd enjoy
A-being Santy Claus's little boy.

THE SONG OF THE SOCKS AND SHOES

The little pink pigs have been rooting around,
Rooting around all night,
Though I warned them well they must slumber sound
Till the blink of the morning light;
I warned them well, as the owner I gowned
And snuggled them warm and tight.
But though I told them they mustn't peep out,
The little pink pigs have been rooting about;
I warned them one and I warned them ten,
So now they must go in the sock-and-shoe pen,
The pen of the sock and shoe.

First the sock and then the shoe; it's nearly eight o'clock!
Lock the little pigs in the sock,

Shoo the little pigs in the shoe,
Den the little pigs in the pen,
The pen of the shoe and sock.

The little pink pigs, with a wriggle and dive,
All under the gown they run,
While the owner watches me coax and drive,
And giggles a gale at the fun,
And squeals as I swoop on a drove of five
And capture the five in one.

Oh, the little pink pigs have been rooting about,
Though I warned them well they mustn't peep out,
So I capture five and I capture ten
And drive them into the sock-and-shoe pen,
The pen of the sock and shoe.

First the sock and then the shoe, and then the shoe and sock;
Lock the little pigs in the sock,
Shoo the little pigs in the shoe,
Den the little pigs in the pen,
It's almost eight o'clock!

THE MONKEY MAN

The sun in winter goes away
  And makes you light the light,
But in the summer-time it's day
  All day until it's night.
So we just play until at last
  We don't know what to do,
And then the monkey man comes past
  And brings the monkey, too.

M-double-unk for the monkey,
M-double-an for the man,
M-double-unk for the hunky monk,
The monkey, hunky man.
Ever since the world began,
Children danced and children ran,
When they saw the monkey man,
The m-double-unky, hunky, monkey man.

The monkey man has got a box
And carries tunes to sell;
He winds it like you wind up clocks
Or like you wind a well;
And when the music goes te-toot
The monkey acts so funny
That we all hurry up and scoot
To get some monkey money.

And it is just the funniest thing
To watch him get his pay,
And then his papa pulls the string
And takes the cent away.
I wish I was a monkey man
And everywhere I went
As soon as ever I began
To play I got a cent!

I wish I was a monkey, too,
And wore such pretty clo'es,
A coat and hat all red and blue
And fingers on my toes.

He ran right up the porch one day,
And then along the rail;
I wish that I could climb that way,
I wish I had a tail!

M-double-unk for the monkey,
M-double-an for the man,
M-double-unk for the hunky monk,
The monkey, hunky man.
Ever since the world began
Children danced and children ran
When they saw the monkey man:
The m-double-unky, hunky, monkey man.

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